

An Evening Orison.

My prayer I lift tonight
Up to Thy throne of light—
Thou "King of kings!"
Bid inward tumults cease,
My feeble faith increase—
Until the "perfect peace"
At length it brings.

I ask not to be free
From burdens framed for me
Along life's way;
But while I walk, or stand,
Or run at Thy command,
Grant me Thy strong right hand,
Dear Lord, I pray!

I ask not to be fed
Upon the finest bread,
And rarest wine;
Give me sustaining grace,
The sunshine of Thy face,
And joy shall fill my days,
Though husks be mine.

I am as nought to thee
Whose might and majesty
Archangles sing!
Yet thou—though Lord of all—
Wilt deign to heed my call,
For on thy word I fall,
My God and King!

Oh, bend thine ear tonight
From thy great throne of light
Even to me!
My heart thy temple make;
Each hind'ring idol break;
For my Redeemer's sake—
So let it be!

—M. A. MAITLAND, in *New York Observer*.

Church Revivals.

The light of Gospel truth is most effective when revealed through the living faith, love, and integrity of a Christian people. The necessity for an ingathering of the erring and indifferent is not greater than are the present demands for a spiritual awakening among those already within the fold.

In conversation with an aged Christian of more than ordinary wisdom and experience, she gave an account of a powerful revival among the members of various eastern churches some forty years ago. She concluded with the remark that a similar awakening and reconsecration among Christians of today might be productive of far-reaching results.

Right is stronger than wrong and the lights of the Gospel will dispel the thickest darkness. I believe there is not more of the dark and sinful, not less of the noble and pure, than there was in former times yet it must be admitted that there is a manifest decline of that deep sense of guilt for sin that characterized the earlier periods of the church. The history of the ancient Christians is replete with accounts of the overwhelming sense of obligation then felt by the followers of Christ of their gratitude for God's plan of redemption, their eagerness to be divinely directed and their vivid conceptions of the attributes and character of an all powerful God. Today a lethargy and indifference too frequently robs the Christian of much of his entitled happiness, shears him of his moral strength, undermines his Christian influence, and lessens in a painful degree his communion and fellowship with God. A formal church service ends with the benediction, and the inconsistent Christian goes forth bringing reproach upon the name of the holy cause he has espoused.

The sacrifices of God are "a broken heart and a contrite spirit" as imperative now as in the Psalmist's time. It is not enough to identify one's self with a church organization—a result perhaps of the will rather than a regeneration of heart. Growth in grace must be constantly promoted or decline and spiritual death inevitably ensues. Hence the manifest wisdom of Paul's injunction. "Watch and pray" and the tender care of the loving Shepherd in His thrice repeated charge to Peter, "Feed my sheep." A "life hid with Christ in God" is implied in this constant watchfulness and prayer—this food and sustenance daily received from the unlimited riches of God's mercy and love. In the words of Dr. Joseph Parker: "The one thing which Jesus Christ wished to do in his life, in his youth, was his Father's business. When he last spoke, that night when the mortal terror seized his life, he wanted to do his Father's will. That is godli-

ness." It is to this end that great revivals in our churches are so much needed. Such a revival, however, simply implies a reconsecration of its individual members and after all the work to be thus accomplished because to each and all a personal one. The first duty that faces every Christian who would revive and extend the Master's cause, is to strive for all possible perfection in the dominion of self.

We must "put away all these: anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking;" we must put on "a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long suffering, * * * and above all these things put on love which is the bond of perfectness." That love which "seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

When the members shall thus have put in order their own inner lives, the whole church will be renewed in spirit, a new impetus will be given to Christian work, and more perfect honor be rendered to God the Father and founder of all.

LIBBIE LESLIE MOYER.

Simple Pleasures.

BY MAGGIE S. HILL.

Every one admits and appreciates the pleasures derived from those creations of nature or of art that are grand, beautiful, or delightful in a very high degree. No cultivated man or woman dreams of disputing the claims of a great poem, a great picture, a great architectural work to be sources of great enjoyment to those who appreciate them. A ramble through the most lovely scenery on the Continent, an evening spent in hearing the finest singers, or the most eloquent speakers of the day, would be to many of us a pleasure at once extreme and rare that we should be most ready to acknowledge. But while dwelling on these great enjoyments, we are apt to ignore the pleasure gained from the infinite number of things that in our forgetfulness we consider too small and trifling to deserve our attention, much less our thankful appreciation. We call them "insignificant," and forget that a Father's hand gave them to minister delight in silent, half-hidden ways to those who have not the greater pleasures within reach. The enjoyment these little things of life bring to us is imparted by such unobtrusive means that we take it without marking how or whence it comes. It is only when we pause for a while in the hurry of our daily life that the thought occurs to us how much quiet, restful enjoyments is gained from unnoticed sources and we are minded to know more about the matter.

If we cast a mental glance over the ordinary course of our lives, we shall not have to look far without finding some which may be classed in the list. The life must be very bare, or over-shadowed by some terrible bitterness, to neutralize entirely the goodness of the simple enjoyments that gleam through the murk and confusion of life straight into our tired hearts. To begin with, the most common of all daily occurrences is the receiving of letters through the medium of the post. Be it understood, there are "letters and letters," and amongst those that give pleasure we do not number the letters of the dun the letters of the fault-finding, the begging letters.

Who has not felt the thrill of delight that accompanies the reading of a dear friend's letter who does not know the gladness that the poorest sheet of paper brings, when from it we can gather the story of a daily life we fain would share—the hopes, the tears, the inmost heart-thoughts mingled with details that, be they never so trivial never so insignificant, possess for us a charm more powerful than grand periods, majestic verse or gorgeous word paintings; for are not their charms overshadowed when we receive that simple thing—a friend's letter?

While we have in our thoughts the remembrance of this common pleasure we can scarcely fail to recollect other trivial but real things of pleasantness brought to us in connection with letters, such, for instance, as the photograph of some loved face we have longed to see; some trifling gift, the work

of hands we fain would clasp, a few withered leaves, gathered from some spot of world wide interest.

Then again, what pleasure is more familiar to people generally than a walk through the woods? It is opened to the poorest; yet what a wealth of delight can be obtained from it. How beautiful are the flowers, the moss the ferns, the whispering leaves overhead, the singing of birds? What truer or purer pleasure is there than they give us? No money no wealthy friend required to introduce us, but all free and open, waiting for our enjoyment.

There are but a few amongst the many pleasures gained by little things. They are strewn thickly enough in our paths, if we only look for them.

Hudson, Iowa.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day,
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow and his sinewy hand,
All showing his work for the good of the land;
For he sows, and he hoes, and he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home, and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for the husband's band;
For she must boil, and she must broil,
And she must toil,

All for the sake of the home.

Sun shines bright when the farmer goes out,
Birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about,
The brook babbles softly in the glen,
While he works bravely for the good of the men.
For he sows, and he hoes, and he mows,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within—
The dishes to wash and the milk to skim,
The fire goes out and flies buzz about,
For dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;
There are pies to make, and there is bread to bake,
And steps to take,

All for the sake of the home.

Then the day is over and the evening has come,
The creatures are fed and the milking is done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free,
Though he sows, and he mows, and he hoes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes the burden up that's never done:
There is no rest, there is no pay,
For the household good she must work away;
For to mend the frock and to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When the autumn is here with chilling blasts,
The farmer gathers his crop at last,
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care,
While it blows, and it snows,
Till the winter goes.

He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's and the husband's stay,
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest,
For after the test, comes the rest, with the blest,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

Written by ELIZABETH WILTFONG.

Linkville, Ind.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward, out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.—George Macdonald.

Men are not always right in the use of their rights.—Archbishop Whately.

Paul was happier in his chain of iron than King Agrippa in his chain of gold.—Thomas Adams.

An assured hope is not like a mountain torrent, but like a stream flowing from a living fountain, and often so quietly that it is scarcely visible but for the verdure of its banks.—Dr. Spring.

The sin to which the Holy Ghost testifies is all our own; it is the unbelief which refuses grace and rejects a Saviour; the righteousness of which the Holy Ghost bears witness is the righteousness of Christ which the Father acknowledges and enthrones. When, through grace, we are convinced, of both, unbelief ceases and we submit ourselves to the righteousness of God. Thus "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10: 4).—Rev. H. Sinclair Patterson.